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AN

ADDRESS

DELIVERED

BEFORE THE

SOUTHBIDGE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY,

ON THE

EVENING OF DEC. 1, 1890.

By REV. ADDISON PARKER,
PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH IN SOUTHBIDGE, MASS.

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ADDRESS.

IN governments like ours, where opinion is free, and where republican institutions have so much to do in shaping the character of the people, public opinion wields a mighty influence.— When any great political movement is to be made, this engine must be brought to bear in its favor, and then the work is easily accomplished. If an individual of enlarged views and expansive benevolence, wishes to achieve a good for his country, or for the family of man, which is altogether beyond the means which he can himself command, he has only to make an appeal to public opinion so loud and urgent, as to press its energies into the cause he is laboring for, and, as far as human agency can procure it, he is morally certain of success. In the beginning of his course, he may have to meet the wondering stare of ignorance, the coldness of neglect, and the bitterness of scorn and contempt; in his progress, he may have to encounter prejudice and suspicion; and an utter failure may be predicted by his friends, and wished for and labored for by his enemies; but still, if his cause is good, and he has the requisite talents and zeal for carrying it forward, his appeal to public opinion will not be made in vain. He will be likely to enlist in his favor friends whose hearts are warm as his own; and before he even dared to hope for it, public opinion will openly and decidedly declare itself on his side.

The efforts now in operation for the promotion of Temperance, though they were originally set on foot by a few master spirits, at the present moment embody the mighty tide of public opinion; and that tide is increasing in magnitude and strength with amazing rapidity. A few years ago, on this subject all was still; the drunkard was allowed to reel his rapid course down to infamy and the grave, planting despair in the bosom of his wife, and misery in his domestic circle; and to spread wide the influence of his worse than pestilential example. No hand was stretched out to arrest his career, or to bring him to a better mind. In this way 30,000 victims at least were annually offered in voluntary sacrifice on the altar of Bacchus. And the ranks of this standing army of drunkards were annually filled, to supply the places of the slain, and to furnish this bloodiest of altars with future victims.

It is not till within four or five years, that the remedy of this

enormous evil began to be applied. True, the Massachusetts Society for the suppression of Intemperance existed before; but it did very little to arrest the evil. Its members had not learned to apply the lever in the right place; nay, they had not learned what the right lever was. The principle of entire abstinence they, in common with their fellow citizens, did not understand, and of course they did not apply it.

In the beginning of the year 1826, the American Society for the promotion of Temperance was formed. This movement seemed to meet the exigencies of the case. The suppression of Intemperance is not the thing, for the plain reason, that on the principles formerly acted on for this purpose, it is impossible. The promotion of Temperance is the talisman that seems at least to promise fair to secure the mighty object. The American Society for the promotion of Temperance, consisted at first, I believe, of only one hundred men. But, armed as they were with the principle and practice of entire abstinence, they were themselves a host. This society, within the brief period since its organization, has originated a system of operations which bid fair to purge out this detestable leaven from our country, and to wash its stains from our national escutcheon.

We are assembled this evening, on the anniversary of a society formed on this same principle of entire abstinence from the use of ardent spirit, and for the purpose of promoting, by such means as Divine Providence has put into our hands, the cause of Temperance.

Though the evils of Intemperance in the use of ardent spirits are frequently brought up before us in more appalling colors than I can hope to paint them, yet it will not be out of place, I think, to spend a few moments in the contemplation of them.

The first view of this evil that I shall take, regards the expense that those who use ardent spirits are subjected to the necessity of incurring. Let us just take a passing look at the expense of supporting what was lately called the moderate use of this sort of liquors. I will present you with the results of two or three short arithmetical calculations on this subject. Arithmetic is, as you know, one of the exact sciences; and its results, if there is no mistake in the process, are not accustomed to be called in question. This is, besides, a very useful science for all classes of people, and especially to such as are in the habit of incurring so useless an item of expense as this. I shall suppose the ardent spirit which a man drinks to cost 50 cents a gallon, taking all the various kinds together, tavern drams and all; though I am aware that, in most cases, this will fall below the truth. Well then, the man who is in the habit of drinking half a pint of spirit a day, for the six working days of the week during the year, will find at the year's end that he has expended the sum of \$9-78. But if his family drink, take them all to-

gether, as much as he does, the annual expense will be \$ 19-56. Now suppose this man and family keep up this course for ten years; \$ 195-60 will be expended. In twenty years it will be \$ 391-20. A very considerable sum truly. But if it were of any use, there would be some excuse for it. But as it is, to say the least, it is so much money thrown away. Perhaps, in the end, it will appear that it is even worse than that.

If, in a town containing 1600 inhabitants, only one person in four consumes half a pint of spirit a day during the year, it will amount at the rate I mentioned before to \$ 4560. And here is very little allowance made for the higher priced kinds, a considerable proportion of which, I believe, will be found in use. This calculation presents a result which falls far below the actual consumption of spirit in most of our towns, four years ago. But I thank God, the tables are turning. The use of ardent spirits is diminishing.

I have in these calculations set the quantity per day at what I have understood the ordinary allowance of a laboring man was. Though many drank less, and some none at all, yet some did not content themselves with twice this quantity.

What an enormous tax is this, for a community of only 1600 persons to pay! I venture to say, that this is a heavier tax than any community of ordinary wealth, in this free country, will peaceably pay for all their public exigences. But, a few years ago, this tax was voluntarily paid for an article of no value, only as a medicine, and of questionable value even there; an article which ought to be placed on the same shelf with the other virulent poisons, and guarded against as carefully as they are; nay, more carefully; for while they have slain their thousands, this has slain its ten thousands.

Men are, in most cases, sufficiently avaricious, but here multitudes are lavish beyond example. Here is an article used by many as a common drink, which contains no nourishment, gives no increase of strength, does nothing towards lightening the labors of life, does not conduce to the increase of happiness or comfort at all; an article which, to say the best of it, it is dangerous to be familiar with, lest, in the end, it should bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder. Rather than lay out our money for ardent spirit, we had better expend it for the merest gew-gaws that idiot foppery can wear.

Do you wonder that so many people are poor, after a life of toil. Some indeed are distressed with poverty from other, and more honorable causes, but this, I beg leave to declare, is the cause of poverty that takes the lead in this country. An anecdote, which perhaps is familiar to all, will illustrate this. A certain man in Connecticut, who had lived about thirty years on a hired farm that was valued at about \$ 5000, was complaining to a neighboring merchant at whose store he usually traded, that,

though he had labored hard on that farm for thirty years, he had laid up nothing. He remained as poor as he was when he first began upon it; and he was utterly at a loss how this could be. The merchant told him that *his books* would explain this mystery. On a reference to the merchant's books, it was found that the man in question, with the help he had hired, had consumed just about \$5000, in thirty years, in ardent spirit. He might have been, but for the use of this one article, the owner of that excellent farm, on which he had been a tenant so long. But now it was probably too late to own that, or any other farm, and he must die, as he had lived, a poor man and a tenant.

At the rate per gallon which I have mentioned, suppose one person in ten in the United States, makes use of half a pint of spirit per day; this will cost the country about \$15,000,000 annually. But this is much below the actual expenditure per annum several years ago. \$30,000,000 has long been a fairer estimate of the actual expense. In this county alone, at this rate, it would be about \$90,000. What a sum for our county of Worcester to throw away. Let these remarks suffice for the expense of supporting what has, till lately, been called moderate drinking. But even this sort of drinking is fraught with danger. It leads intemperance, poverty and wretchedness in its train.

The expense of supporting intemperate drinking is proportionably greater. It increases, however, not in arithmetical, but in geometrical progression. There is the neglect of business, the injudicious, and foolish, and often ruinous management of business, and the incapacity to attend to business at all, which are more or less attendant upon intemperate men. A drunken man, unless he is what is called dead drunk, is quite as ready as any body to strike a bargain; and then is the time for a sharper to overreach him. Put all these causes together, and contemplate their united power, and you will cease to wonder that poverty stares so many drunkards in the face, and so soon clothes them in rags. Let a man in the prime of life, with an estate of \$5000, and but a small family to support; let such a man follow strong drink, and fall into the idleness and folly that are commonly connected with such a course, and in five years, or seven, at the longest, he stands ten chances to one to be penniless. An intemperate man does not ordinarily *drink out* all his estate; but he *fools it away*.

The use of ardent spirit brings on community, I should think; and men who can judge better than I on this subject agree with me—the use of ardent spirit brings on community more than three quarters of the pauperism which we have to support. Banish intoxicating liquors from the country, and we should soon be almost rid of pauperism. And every man that has any hand in affording men facilities for the gratification of an appetite for in-

toxicating liquors ought to consider, that he is helping to entail an oppressive poor tax upon society; and a part of that tax he or his heirs must pay.

The use of intoxicating liquors gives rise to nearly all the daring crimes that are committed in our country. Or, if in any case it does not originate them, it generally helps them forward. You will find that drunkards are almost always profane. Some other men are so, to be sure, but the profanest wretches are commonly lovers of strong drink. It generally happens, that, in proportion as intoxication gets the government of a man's mind, his tongue will be loose in blasphemy against his Creator. Do you see a man running into all kinds of wickedness; is he given to gambling, quarrelling, fighting, or any other of the low vices, you will be apt to find him a drunkard.—Do you read of a robbery; the perpetrator of it, it is likely, prepared himself for the desperate deed, by dipping, partially at least, in the cup of intoxication. Is a murder committed, the murderer, it is almost certain, steeled his heart and nerved his arm, with the stimulating influence of strong drink. Does the father of a family heap abuse upon the once beloved, and perhaps still amiable wife of his bosom, do his children behold in their father a merciless tyrant, negligent alike of their reputation, their morals, and their comfort, that man, it is almost certain, is apt to tarry long at strong drink. You can hardly name a crime, of which men are apt to be guilty, which strong drink does not originate, or which is not aggravated by it. It is the incendiary of the human bosom. It puts a torch to every hurtful passion, and then blows it into a raging flame. "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babblings? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red; when it giveth his color in the cup; when it moveth itself aright. At the last, it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." If such a picture as this was drawn, when wine was the chief intoxicating drink, what a picture would *sum*, if that had been known at the time when this was written, have called for! In how much stronger colors, in how much deeper shades, would the voice of God's inspiration have described it!

The use of ardent spirits is the occasion of destroying a vast amount of health and life. Alcohol, which is the basis of all ardent spirits, is not capable of nourishing and invigorating the system, like other drinks; but when it enters the stomach, it is only to derange and weaken it; when it enters the brain, it is only to turn it; when it mingles with the blood, it is only to pollute and vitiate it; and when it fixes its grasp on the mind, it is only to stultify it. It is a well known fact, that the brains or blood of a drunkard, distilled, yield a quantity of alcohol.

The complete saturation of the system with this highly inflammable substance, is the reason why such persons are so subject to spontaneous combustion. Every man that is in the constant habit of drinking spirit in considerable quantities, becomes completely saturated with a substance that is inflamed with the greatest ease; and it is a wonder that more intemperate people do not take fire, and actually burn to ashes. Instances of this kind do occur, and the only wonder is, that they are not more common. But this is not the way in which most persons of this wretched class meet their end. They are consumed with slower flames; they are racked with more lingering torments.

In ordinary cases, when a man falls into indulgences of this kind, his health soon begins to decline. No soundness of constitution is proof against the waste of strength that these indulgences will cost him. His nerves, unstrung and irritated, will give painful notice that a direful malady is preying upon him.—His face bears testimony in every feature, to every one he meets, that the cup of woe is his companion. By the time that the man who is given to strong drink begins to exhibit these decided marks of intemperance in his countenance, his constitution is on fire: he is in a road that will soon end in the drunkard's grave.

Such persons are exposed to disease in almost every shape that disease puts on, more than any other class of men. It is a mistake, that ardent spirit tends to keep off malignant or contagious diseases; instead of this, it invites them; it opens wide the door, it makes broad the way, for their approach. Does an epidemic, in the shape of a malignant fever, visit a town, such are the men that are most likely to be attacked with it. Others are exposed, indeed, but not so much as they. And if any fall victims to its ravages, such men are generally among them.

If no disaster of this kind occurs, to cut short the course of the drunkard, still his habits of intemperance are planting in his system the seeds of premature decay, and are generating a host of diseases, which are the sure harbingers of premature death. Among these are gout, dyspepsia, palsy, dropsy, consumption, and apoplexy, together with that other common disease of drunkards, delirium tremens. No wonder that a sinner of this description does not live out half his days. When a man has once fallen into the habit of confirmed intemperance, ten or twelve years ordinarily finish his course on earth. This detestable habit shortens the lives of men to such an extent, that more than 30,000 persons are computed to die annually, in the United States, from the use of ardent spirit.

Suppose all this army of drunkards, as they fall in succession, to be carried and buried in one grave yard. In one year, they would fill a lot of thirteen acres, more thickly strewed with graves than the oldest grave yard in our vicinity! More than

eighty corpses would be deposited in this charnel-house of drunkards daily ! Perhaps it would take nearly a hundred men, constantly employed, to make the coffins ; and nearly a hundred more, to dig the graves ! And what an amount of desolation and wo would the widows and orphan children of this fallen and falling army disclose ! What wreck of hopes ; what destruction of character and moral principle ; what poverty and domestic wretchedness ! Could you see all this desolation and misery spread out before you at once ; could you behold it at a single view ; if you had a soul to pity the distressed, and a heart to feel, you could not forbear to declare perpetual war on so ruthless an enemy. But all this wretchedness and desolation, in consequence of intemperance, does really exist, though you may never have seen it, in our otherwise happy country.— True, it is not, and never can be, embodied in a single view, till the day of final retribution shall reveal it ; yet so many actually die of intemperance, and so many widows and orphans as they leave behind them, actually mourn and suffer.

This is an enormous amount of life and comfort, to be thrown away upon a pernicious habit, which robs men of their reason while they are yet alive, brings them down to the level of the brutes, and lays them in the grave before their time would otherwise come. It is altogether likely that most men who die of intemperance might live from ten to twenty years, and some even thirty or forty years longer, if they were, as they should be, temperate in all things. This is a remarkable instance, in which the wicked do not live out half their days.— Through the influence of this tormenting demon, we often see men in the meridian of life tottering on the very border of the grave. Their hands tremble ; their knees but ill support them ; the whole system is made to shake under the influence of disease, induced by this pestilential beverage.

Men may, and undoubtedly often do, fall into this pitiable situation, who have no idea of being considered intemperate.— They are aware that they make a free use of ardent spirit, but they have no suspicion that it is planting deadly disease in their constitutions. They do not feel that firm health, that strength of nerve, that delightful flow of animal spirits, which they once did ; but they have little or no conception of the cause.— Their eyes, perhaps, are inflamed and dim, but they know not what ails them. A bloated, florid, pimpled visage carries evidence to every one but the sufferer himself of the violence and danger of the fire that is raging within. His limbs are swollen, and his body bloated. He complains of humors afflicting him, and applies to a physician for some application that will relieve him. But in the mean time he feeds the flame that is preying upon his vitals and drinking up his life blood. Deluded man ! He knows not, and wishes not to know, that the only thing that can save his life, and ease the pains that keep him on the rack,

and repair his broken health, is abstinence from this poison.— The physician can afford him no substantial relief, as long as he continues the use of his wonted beverage. Medicine cannot even smoothe the rugged path that the wretched man is travelling. The fire that he constantly carries in his bosom will burn. The course of nature must be reversed before it can be otherwise.

Every man, whatever his habits may now be, has seen the time when he was temperate. Men are not born drunkards.— The situation which I have just been sketching, is one into which every one who is in the habit of using spirit at all as an article of drink, is in danger of falling. The appetite for intoxicating liquors that is created by use, and pampered by indulgence, will, in multitudes of cases, continue to cry, give, give, till the man has lost his self command; till he is in a current that will carry him irresistibly onward; till he founders in the gulf of absolute sottishness and ruin. The morning dram, the forenoon potation, and the evening beverage, are the beginnings of intemperance; nay, they exhibit a fearful progress towards that yawning gulf which has swallowed up its thousands. The man who is in the habit of indulging himself in what has long been called by the soft name of temperate drinking, has no assurance that he will not sink into downright sottishness. There is no fixed stopping place. If a man has acquired the appetite for ardent spirit which often calls for a dram, he is already almost past hope. Once enter this highway of intemperance, and you have not the shadow of an assurance that you will stop, till your life pays the forfeiture of your presumption. And every step you take on this enchanted ground, increases the probability that you will not slacken your pace in this downward way, till, if you are the father of a family, you have broken the heart of the wife of your bosom, and placed your children, clothed in rags and bound in the slavery of vice, without character and without hopes, in the same highway to ruin that they see their father travelling.

I cannot persuade myself to leave this part of the subject, till I have lifted the veil, and given you one view more of the picture of poverty and misery which intemperance brings into multitudes of families. If the father of a family is given up to this vice, he suffers himself, indeed, most keenly. He is in his thinking moments, and every man must sometimes think, the victim of despair and remorse. He despises himself most profoundly: and he knows full well that his acquaintances despise him. But he is not the only sufferer. He is not the only victim of hopeless wretchedness. The misery of his family is hardly less than his. His house, that was once the abode of content and comfort, is now the theatre of babblings and woe. His children, that once smiled around him, that were once blessed with plenty, that once, in his absence, joyfully greeted his re-

turn ; how changed is their condition and conduct ! They now shudder to see their father reeling homeward from his drunken revellings. They are polluted by his example, and disgraced in his degradation. They often cry for bread, and are clothed in most debasing rags, unless the provident care of a mother can feed and clothe them ; of a mother, whose heart, once happy and confiding, is stung with disappointment, and wrung with grief. Her husband was once kind, and might still have been so, but for his intemperance. He formerly seemed to delight in relieving her cares and soothing her sorrows. But he is now become a morose, surly, unfeeling tyrant. He once brought in his earnings to supply the wants of his family ; but now he applies his scanty wages, made scanty by his own degrading appetite, to feed that fire which is perpetually burning at his vitals. The domestic circle, once the abode of the kindly charities of friendship and connubial love, of paternal tenderness and filial duty, becomes, through the intemperance of him who ought to be its centre of attraction, the abode of noise, and strife, and misery. Every tender feeling is apparently extinguished in his bosom. He seems to hate his wife, his children, and his home, and can endure the company of only the riotous and drunken. When he is absent, his family dread his return, almost as much as they would the approach of the midnight assassin. They know that cruelty has taken possession of his bosom, and they are harrowed with the constant fear, that its vengeance will be wreaked on their defenceless heads. Hope, the last solace of the wretched, at length forsakes the bosom of his once happy, and perhaps still amiable wife ; poverty, distress, and despair, entailed as a sad inheritance upon his children, hover around his dwelling, and stare its inmates in the face. His injured and abused partner sees her husband sunk, to be the scorn and reproach of those who formerly respected him ; and she deeply feels that she is herself a large sharer in the degradation to which he is fallen. She cannot hope to move in that circle in society, to which she might otherwise have been a principal ornament. The very breath of such a man is a moral pestilence. At his own fireside, it withers up every vestige of hope, blights the influence of moral feeling, and destroys every thing that bears the name of domestic enjoyment. By his mischievous example, he exerts every effort at his command, to sink his children to his own level, and thus train them up to follow his own wretched footsteps.

This picture is but a faint one ; it falls far short of the reality. But it is enough to make me shudder at the thought of tasting this worst of poisons. To this dark picture, need I add, that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God ? People heaven with such beings, and you make it a pandemonium.

But there is another side to this picture, which perhaps may be contemplated with more satisfaction. It is too late in the

day now to ask, whether any thing can be done to stay the destructive tide of intemperance, which has so long rolled, and which has ingulphed its thousands. This question is already settled. Something can be done. Something has been done. And more, I hope, will be done.

The American Temperance Society and its auxiliaries, of which there are more than a thousand in the United States, have done much to diminish this pestilential torrent. In these societies, the members all solemnly pledge themselves to abstain from the use of ardent spirit, and to use their influence to diminish, and, if possible, to annihilate the consumption of it in the community. This cause embodies an immense amount of talent and energy. Philanthropists and patriots are engaged in it from Maine to Florida; and from the Atlantic to the distant West.

It was long supposed that the present generation of intemperate men must be allowed to go on in their destructive course, till they fell into the grave. But this is happily found to be a mistake. The drunkard himself may be reclaimed. In the report of the American Temperance Society for 1829, that body of philanthropists rejoice over more than 700 such returning prodigals. These are, in a manner, the first fruits of their labors.

At elections, men cease to buy and sell votes with RUM, so much as was formerly the practice; a practice, which cannot be condemned in terms too strong. The time I hope is not distant, when not an election in the country will be disgraced with this pernicious custom.

Alcoholic liquors cease to be, as far as my acquaintance extends, an article of fashionable drink. Friends can meet and part without them; and they find the want of them no tax upon their social enjoyment. The last offices are paid to the dead without deforming and disgracing them with the introduction of this beverage, which a few years ago was lamentably prevalent.

Labor can be performed without ardent spirit, better than with it; as multitudes of experiments have proved. A vast amount of labor is now performed without it, where it was formerly in use almost universally. Multitudes of respectable farmers have found, within these two or three years, that their crops of hay and grain can be gathered in without RUM, much better than with it. This fact begins to be extensively known, and is practised upon more and more widely every year. Mechanics are extensively giving up this article, and are directing the money that it would cost into more profitable channels.—Manufacturing establishments, where entire abstinence is the order of the day, are conducted with more quietness, and comfort, and prosperity, among the hands in employ, and with greater profit to the owners. Buildings are raised, in many instances, without it, with less danger, less noise, and more des-

patch. Even vessels begin to traverse the mighty deep without ardent spirit on board; and sailors, a class of men who are exposed to cold, and heat, and wet, and fatigue, more perhaps than any other class of men, find that they can do better without than with intoxicating drink. Fifty vessels, it is said, now sail from the single port of Gloucester, in our own state, with none of this article on board. Labor can be hired without it, in any of the departments of business; a thing which was till lately thought impossible.

Military reviews and company trainings can dispense with ardent spirit; and more order, and better discipline are found to be the result; and the men are better prepared for the business of the next day, than where this article is freely used, as was formerly the practice. A large number of companies have passed spirited resolves against the custom of treating with ardent spirit on military parade, and have determined to dispense with it.

Old age has found, by multitudes of successful experiments, that it does not need this article for a staff to lean upon in the decline of life. An example on this subject will be directly to the purpose. "Among a number of people collected together in a certain town for the purpose of forming a Temperance Society, on the only efficacious principle, entire abstinence, there was one venerable man of ninety-one years of age. The project of forming such a society was warmly opposed by the *temperate drinkers*; and when it became known among them, that this hoary-headed veteran of days gone by was about to subscribe to the principle of abstinence, and become a member of the society, some of his *compassionate, temperately drinking* neighbors began to expostulate with him. Sir, said they, you have occasionally drank a little spirit during your whole life, and it has not injured you. Surely, it would be folly for you to deny yourself this beverage for the little remnant of your days. Besides, old people need a little ardent spirit to sustain them. The old man, whose head was whitened with the frosts of ninety-one winters, replied; I do not know but OLD people need ardent spirit, BUT I AM NOT OLD ENOUGH TO NEED IT."

There has been, within three years, a great diminution of the manufacture of distilled liquors. "Multitudes of distilleries are shut up, or converted to other uses. A distillery is now, in many places at least, poor property, which can be given away, or turned to some other use, or left to decay; but it cannot be sold, or carried on, to profit. A distillery in one of the Middle States, being part of the effects of a bankrupt, was offered for sale at auction, with a few acres of land. On the day of sale, not a bid was made for the distillery property. The assignees put it down as a total loss, and reported it so to the creditors; declaring that the Temperance Society had ruined the property. A French gentleman afterwards applied for the farm, and

was asked to negotiate for the entire property. No, said he; not for the distillery: I don't want that: I don't want to be ruined. A distiller in the same state, on giving up the business because he thought it wrong to continue it, said; If the Devil wants any more whiskey, he may make it himself, for all me."

"There has been a corresponding diminution in the sale of intoxicating liquors. It is stated in the last report of the American Temperance Society, from which the two facts just stated are extracted, that "the sales of all descriptions of distilled liquors have fallen off at least three fourths. One of the partners of an importing house in one of our cities, one day called on the factor of a house in France, which had sent, for several years, large quantities of brandy to this country, and applied for a freight of brandy from a French port home. I don't know, said the factor; I will tell you next week. A few days after, the factor called on the applicants for the freight, and said; I can't engage a cargo. I have been round to several merchants, and no one will promise to take any part of the cargo. I don't know what it all means. They replied; you need not fear to risk two or three hundred pipes. No, no, said he, I will not risk it. I don't know what it all means. I sat down to dinner yesterday with sixty gentlemen, and fifty two drank nothing but cold water. I won't risk it. To a similar application for a brandy freight, another French factor replied; No, no, de Debil is getting out of de 'Mericans; dey drink no more brandies."

Many merchants, who formerly retailed large quantities of ardent spirit, have given up that branch of their business entirely, and banished the article from their stores. And many more are wishing to do it, as soon as public opinion will warrant the measure. This article seems to be under sentence of proscription; and the execution of that sentence, I hope, will not be long delayed. Makers, importers, sellers, buyers, consumers, are beginning, in almost every part of the country, to consider it a bad business; and a bad business like this, it is ardently to be desired, may not long be followed.

In this town* and the vicinity, though much has been done to counteract this enormous evil, yet we are far from being clear of it. Other parts of our state are far before us in the march of temperance. This remark applies particularly to the counties of Berkshire, Plymouth and Barnstable. In some of the towns in those counties ardent spirit, I am informed, is not to be bought, not being exposed for sale within their bounds. In one

*The sales of ardent spirit in Southbridge, during the year ending Oct. 1, 1830, were 6560 gallons. A very considerable part of this quantity was sold to inhabitants of other towns. Three years and a half ago, the quantity sold was more than 10,000 gallons. Some communities were formerly in the habit of consuming an astonishing amount of distilled liquors. Eighteen thousand gallons or more have been consumed in a single year in a town containing about 2500 inhabitants. And how more revolting than this I believe might be found.

of these counties, the county Commissioners, I am informed by one of the respectable inhabitants of the county, have, the present year, refused to grant licences at all for the sale of ardent spirit. This is the County of Plymouth, the land of the Pilgrims. The same fact is true also, I am informed, of the county of Barnstable.

But the monster Intemperance is not yet slain. He may yet recover from the shock that public opinion has lately given him. But if he does recover; if the efforts now making to put down this dreadful scourge prove abortive; if the former vigor of this our greatest tormentor is restored, my heart will bleed for my country.

Several classes of men are now awake to the wide spread mischiefs of this desolating plague. The great body of our most respectable physicians, have, with one voice, declared against it. The great Rush, forty years ago, raised his voice in this cause; but he was not heard. But so decided is the testimony of the faculty now, that he can be regarded, at the best, but a second rate physician, who will persist in advocating the use of ardent spirit. Gentlemen of the Bar have set an honorable example in this reform. Many of them have plead the cause of temperance with an eloquence worthy of so important a cause. And ministers of the gospel are not behind in this happy reformation. I have not the misfortune to be personally acquainted with a single individual of this class of men, who holds any thing like a fair standing as a Christian minister, whom I even suspect of making use of ardent spirit at all. Multitudes of farmers, mechanics, manufacturers, merchants, and men of every class and profession, have abandoned the use of this article entirely.

This worthy example, I now call on Christians to follow; as many of them have already done. Touch not, taste not, handle not, ought to be their motto. If the man who puts the intoxicating cup to his neighbor's lips calls down a heavy denunciation from God; much more, ought not he to expect that rebuke, who puts that cup to his own lips, and quaffs the poison it contains? At this hour, when so much light is thrown on this subject, we cannot innocently continue the use of strong drink.

I call on my fellow citizens generally to co-operate in this good work. This is a field in which the patriot ought to labor. This cause involves the permanence and usefulness of our noble institutions. It involves the morals and order of society. It involves the happiness and glory of our country. It regards the lives and well being of living and unborn millions. How can a nation of drunkards long be free? How can national prosperity and happiness grow and flourish in a soil drenched and stained with the contents of this cup of trembling and woe? Let but this Circean cup continue to go round, and we shall soon be slaves; slaves, that grind in the most merciless bondage.

I call on young men, the hope of our country, who are soon to bear the weight of our nation's glory or disgrace, to fix firmly the habit of temperance in early life; that they may not lie under a drunkard's odium, suffer a drunkard's miseries, nor fill a drunkard's grave; that they may not blast the hopes of society concerning them, nor be unfitted for the duties of citizens, and of men. The ONLY SAFETY, to all classes of men, but especially to the young, lies in TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

I call on the members of this society, formed on the principle of entire abstinence from intoxicating drink, to be faithful to the solemn pledges they have given. When the intoxicating cup sparkles before you, repel its enticements, by the salutary question, How can I do this great evil, and wrong my own conscience, and sin against God? It is no ordinary cause you are engaged in. It is the decision of the question, Whether intemperance shall continue to spread desolation over all that is fair and valuable in our land; or whether a barrier shall be raised against it so high and strong, that it cannot be overleaped nor overturned. O that I might see the day, when no reeling drunkard shall be seen; when no family shall suffer from the intemperance of its natural protector; when no intoxicating liquors shall be made, or sold, or bought, or used; when the vices and miseries to which they give so large occasion, shall be banished from among us; and when this formidable obstacle to the advancement of knowledge, and prosperity, and virtue, shall be forever removed.

Let none of the friends of temperance deceive themselves, however, with the belief that the enemy they have been contending with is destroyed. Because some of his ranks begin to give way, it does not follow that he has met a total defeat.—Some of his strong holds are yet to be taken. Some of his fortresses are yet in his own hands; and there they are likely to be, unless vigorous effort continues to be made to reduce them and wrest them from him. There are numerous and powerful obstacles yet to be overcome. There are appetite, and interest, and craft, all setting against us. Vigorous exertion must be kept up on the part of the friends of temperance, or we may meet a total defeat. This subject ought to be urged upon community by every sort of appeal that philanthropy and eloquence can make. For "the cause will prosper just as far as it is pressed, and no farther." Till the victory is complete, "birds of ill omen will continue to croak, and scream, and flap their sooty wings," and predict defeat to the friends of temperance. Let us then make up our minds, that our work will not be done, till ardent spirit, as an article of drink, is banished from the country; TILL COLD WATER HAS WASHED OUT ITS STAINS.